New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements.

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"He kept us out of war" has ceased to be a good campaign slogan in Athens.

Why Not?

Since President Wilson, alone and unaided, issued society's indorsement of the railroad brotherhoods' demands for ten hours' pay for eight hours' work and Congress has madly rushed to grant the demands by legislation it is manifest that an industrial millennium is at hand. No longer must the downtrodden worker wait for the slow processes of arbitration to bring to him his measure of what reformers term "social justice." The greatest and the highest in the land will hasten to obey his lightest word—if only he convinces them that he has votes enough, power enough to cause trouble and a determination to use the power, however ruthlessly.

Out in Minnesota some 15,000 iron miners of the Mesaba Range have been on strike for many weeks. The miners wanted $3 a day for eight hours' work—pay most of the railroad men would refuse to take with scorn—and pay twice a month. They have suffered the usual hardships attendant on a strike. Credit has been refused them by their provision dealers. They have been evicted. Company "guards" have fired on them and several of the miners are now in jail on a charge of murdering a deputy sheriff in a fight between miners and the deputies. Families are undergoing privations, and only the raising of funds by local groups of Industrial Workers of the World, to which organization most of the miners on strike belong, has prevented actual starvation, if the stories which come from the range are to be believed.

Thus it can be seen at a glance there is far more need for social justice to be done here by swift and summary action than was the case with the railroad brotherhoods.

Therefore, The Tribune without knowing one whit more about the merits of the Minnesota case than Mr. Wilson did of the railroad case, suggests that Bill Haywood Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Arturo Giovannitti, and other leaders of the Industrial Workers of the World travel post-haste to Washington before Congress adjourns They should see the tender-hearted President and the deeply sympathetic Democratic leaders of Congress and lay the case before them. Iron is an article in great demand in interstate commerce; therefore Congress might about as well regulate the conditions of its production as lay down laws concerning child labor on articles to be traded in in interstate commerce. And if any question of legality of Federal interference here should arise, let Haywood and Miss Flynn show the President that an election is near at hand, that the I. W. W. is a country-wide organization controlling many votes in many states, is not at all averse to the use of violence and is rather more willing to strike than eat. That will settle the business.

If there is to be a dispensing of social justice by Congress, let it be passed around generally! It would be a shame to confine the uplift to those who need it least. Let everybody who has any power use it to grab a piece of the plunder while any remains. The President and Congress, having established the precedent of aiding the "vultures," as Mr. Garrison so aptly termed the brotherhoods, would scarcely find it in their hearts to refuse any other organization. So on to Washington, so long as the public has anything left worth taking. "Get it while the getting's good" must be the new American motto.

Playgoers in Wartime.

There is nothing significant in the discovery that "the most popular performances in London are of the light-hearted variety," and that at present "not a single theatre is producing a deliberately serious play." The correspondent who imparts this interesting information thinks the general demand for frivolous stuff must represent a reaction against the miseries of war, that the longer the lists of casualties the keener is the desire for diversion and entertainment of an easy sort. He may possibly be right. We have all met people who dislike tragedy because it gives them the spleen, and the introspective among them have been heard to say that they go to the theatre to be amused, that there is enough sorrow in real life, and much more to the same effect. This is all plausible enough as far as it goes, yet any one who takes the pains to investigate these not uncommon cases will probably find that upon the whole the real lives of such dismal seekers of amusement are no more miserable than the real lives of their neighbors. The excuse they offer is, in fact, irrelevant and absurd.

The real absurdity is that they should think it necessary to offer any excuse at all. Why should any one apologize for a desire to be amused? There can be no doubt, however, that they do think it necessary to explain their taste; hence the stock explanation, which is manifestly ridiculous. For the rest, London never showed any extraordinary passion for what people call serious plays even in the best of times. Ibsen and Maeterlinck never made as great a hit as the girls from somewhere; such entertainments as "High Jinks," "Happy Days" and so forth were in high demand long before the war began.

A great many quite unhappy people manage to find their pleasure in tragedy, and, on the other hand, some who cannot abide tragedy of the classic sort, and consequently make use of the common formula about the sadness of real life, can sit out the most dismal and weepy melodramas with almost as much satisfaction as they find in any of the fantastic affairs that go by the name of *revues*. The war has doubtless done a deal of mischief, but it is not fair to hold it responsible for corrupting the well established taste of the London playgoer.

A Magistrate's Reason.

There is abundant justification for the protests provoked by a Brooklyn magistrate's decision in a recent case involving a violation of quarantine regulations. Two well known physicians of the Health Department were called as expert witnesses to show that the child of the accused was suffering from poliomyelitis. After they had left and both sides had been heard the magistrate discharged the father on the pretext that he could not be sure of the doctors' qualifications.

This was how he put the case to the prosecutor:

> "You asked the doctors if they were doctors and they said they were. That is all I know about them. There are many varieties of doctors—doctors of philosophy, doctors of divinity, veterinary doctors and doctors of medicine."

Had such a frivolous plea been offered by an attorney for the defence he would deserve a rebuke from the bench. That a magistrate should gravely offer it as a reason for refusing to support the Department of Health is nothing short of amazing.

New York's County Fair.

"The third city of the country boasts an institution that neither New York nor Chicago possesses—a real county fair, with pumpkins and livestock as well as horse-racing to draw the sophisticated crowds," declares "The Evening Post." If the esteemed "Post" only knew its New York as well as it knows its Manhattan it wouldn't make such a false, misleading and totally erroneous statement. New York City not only has one county fair held within its borders, but it can boast a half-interest in another, held, to be sure, just over the line in Nassau County, but partly supported and contributed to by the agriculturists of Queens County. These are the Richmond County Fair, in Staten Island, and the Queens-Nassau Fair, held at Mineola. And New York's truly own fair has the chickens and livestock, the fruits and vegetables, the farm implements, the trotting races, that make glad the farmers' hearts, whether in Richmond or Schuyler County.

New York City is a great business and industrial community. Yet within its borders it still has farms that really are farms, even though they are smaller than a quarter-section. And the men who take their livings from the soil are still farmers enough to cling to their county fair.

A Decrease in Mental Disorders.

In the winter of 1914 there was a great deal of undigested speculation about the influence of war on the mental stability of civilians. It was assumed by many that the excitement and strain must have an evil effect on weak and ill-balanced minds, and there was, indeed, no difficulty in finding many patients in sanatoriums and hospitals whose heads had apparently been turned by dwelling on the horrors of the war.

Such evidence was manifestly insufficient, however; for it is well known that many of the insane are disposed to weave their delusions about current realities, and that the news of the day is generally reflected to some extent in the fantastic notions of those admitted to asylums. If, therefore, there were more kaisers and Joffres than usual in the wards, if there were more who suspected that German spies were plotting against them, it would not do to assume that they had been made mad by the war. The most that could be said was that the form of their delusions had been determined by the events of the moment.

The reports of the hospitals after a year of war did not strengthen the position of those who predicted a great increase in mental maladies. Indeed, according to a report from Germany, there had been a notable decline in all kinds of minor disorders—the assumption being that hypochondriacs and nervous people inclined in ordinary times to be over-anxious about themselves had less time for introspective self-torment.

Now, after two years of war, an eminent specialist in the North of Ireland has come to the conclusion that the war has done much to control the mentally unstable, for "the fact is indisputable," he says, "that insanity, like crime, has lessened." It might be answered that the decrease in the number of admissions is probably due to the vast number of men called to the colors. But that explanation will not do, because the greatest reduction is among women, of whom 154 were admitted in 1914 and only 119 in 1915.

He attributes this phenomenon to the wholesome influence of a common interest in something of importance: "Idleness and *ennui* have lost their hold; healthy and unselfish activity is now the prevailing fashion. The war has enfranchised women, for it has set them free from the benumbing conventionalities that threatened to stifle their psychic energies, and so far it has contributed to soundness of mind and nerve."

Gloomy pacifists who cannot find it in their hearts to admit that war could have a wholesome effect on any one may still argue that no psychiatrist in any of the countries at war can possibly be a just judge. They may hold that we have the highest authority for declaring that the belligerent countries are all gone mad, and it will follow, of course, that the standards of sanity have been lowered in the common interest. Indeed, if the asylums in any of those unhappy countries were to be closed for want of tenants it would prove nothing, for the lunatic is now as well off in most European countries as Shakespeare's clown supposed him to be in England—it will not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

A Great Tennis Year.

Not so very many years ago tennis labored under a popular delusion which ranked it as a dull and aristocratic proceeding, more or less comparable to croquet and cricket, and quite unworthy the attention of real human beings. This year marks the final destruction of this notion. The transfer of the national tournament to Forest Hills has undoubtedly worked the change; and it is interesting to see how this democratization of the game has helped the game itself.

Probably never before in the history of American tennis—barring the years of British invasion—has the championship stood so wide open or have so many players of the first rank fought for it. California still maintains its edge on the proceedings, but by the narrowest of margins; of the four likeliest contenders left to play Johnston, Griffin, Williams and Church, two are Western and two are Eastern. It is a country-wide interest that has raised the level of the game, bringing new names to the front and old champions at their keenest.

The new breed of tennis fans is one interesting sideshow of the new era. Lapses in cheering manners do occur in consequence; you have to understand the game to realize why it is all wrong to cheer in the middle of a point. But the lapses are exceptions and with each year of publicity they grow less. Popular and unpopular personalities will always exist among players, and there is no reason why a large public, exactly as a small public, should not have its idols. A crowd that would not feel mournful over the downfall of the great "Morrie" isn't human enough to appreciate tennis.

The public has gained a new thriller to watch—next to polo the best there is—and tennis has taken on a new interest and success. All of which seems a sufficient answer to those croakers who foresaw the downfall and degeneration of the game when it was removed from the select inaccessibility of Newport to Forest Hills fourteen minutes from Broadway.

A Famous Amateur.

(From The British Medical Journal.)

Mr. Charles Dawson, who died at Lewes on August 10, at the comparatively early age of fifty-two, made the most important discovery of fossil man which has ever fallen to the lot of any one in Europe. In the opinion of experts the gravels of Piltdown Common, in the County of Sussex, were among the least likely deposits in Europe to yield such a discovery. It is highly probable that experts would have continued to think so had the quiet, solid, professional and ingenious clerk to the Uckfield bench of magistrates not been, in his leisure hours, a keen student of the geology of the Weald. Long before he burst into fame through his discovery at Piltdown he was well known to professional geologists for the new fossil types he had discovered in the more ancient formations of the Weald. In the right sense of the term, his "find" at Piltdown was not the result of a fortunate stroke which might have happened to any one. Mr. Dawson had been interested for many years in the problems broached by Mr. Benjamin Harrison, of Igtham, and the late Sir Joseph Prestwich—the problems of "eoliths"—whether or not they were of human workmanship. A deposit of gravel, which has neither interest nor significance to most men, becomes to men like Dr. Dawson a possible chapter of history. A search is made in the gravel, not only for possible eoliths, but for remains of extinct animals, which will afford a clew to the date at which the gravel deposit was formed. Hence, in 1908, when he found a country road being mended with a kind of gravel which was new to him, he followed up its source to a pit on Piltdown Common, and his first question to the workmen was as to fossil bones, so as to gain a clew to the age of the gravel. The pit yielded both fossil bones and eoliths, and he at once realized its importance. He saw that some of the fossil bones seemed to have a human appearance—an appearance which at once reminded this country lawyer and antiquarian of the Heidelberg jaw, the oldest human fossil bone which had then been found in Europe. Mr. Dawson was a splendid type of that great class of men who give the driving power to British science—the thinking, observant amateur. Without that class to serve as scientific scouts we could make little progress in our knowledge of the past.

Shadow Lawn.

(September 2, 1916.)

Shadow Lawn!
They gather
To tell the Slight Spare Man
The news he knows.

See!
Something shadows Shadow Lawn!

Does the Throng shiver!
Pshaw!
A moment's shadow chills the air,
On Shadow Lawn, that's all!

See, with the eye of the Soul!
Dying men, babes and women,
American,
Suddenly shot down in Mexico;
Drowning men, babes and women,
American,
Suddenly thrust beneath the waves,
On the high seas.

Americans!

(There they lie, and rot!).

Death, in the Shadow,
On Shadow Lawn!

Does the Throng shiver!

Pshaw!
A passing shadow chilled the air,
On Shadow Lawn, that's all!

Shadow Lawn!

RUFORD FRANKLIN.

"HE STOPS THE PAPER."

Praise for The Tribune in an Interesting and Inspiring Letter.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have to laugh at your Brooklyn correspondent who says he won't buy your paper any more, notwithstanding that for fifty years he has been a daily reader of it, because you won't support Whitman, and signs himself "Not a Dictator." What is he, then? If a newspaper doesn't say what it thinks, honor-bright and man-fashion, I can understand cutting it out. But to buy it simply because it dances every time the political fiddler fiddles seems silly.

You are getting The Tribune where Mr. Dana had "The Sun" years ago—where people read it for its independence, its courage, its contempt of humbug, its beautiful humor and its good English. Go on. Make things interesting to us old men and inspiring to our boys.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

New York, Aug. 31, 1916.

The Birth Control Statute.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Three reputable citizens are under arrest in this city for violating Section 1142 of the penal law of this state. All three are lawyers and well acquainted with the statute in question. One of them pleaded "not guilty," and as a matter of fact his arrest is due to some error; the other two actually violated the law as written.

Section 1142 above referred to is entitled "Indecent Articles" and prohibits the dissemination in any form or manner of information concerning birth control. Every intelligent married woman resents the implication contained in the statute that knowledge and practice of birth control methods are indecent and in the same category with methods to cause abortion. Every intelligent person knows that contraceptive methods are the only means of overcoming the terrible practice of abortion and are the greatest help to humanity. In Holland, where clinics to teach these methods are given government encouragement, prosecutions for abortion and infanticide have almost entirely disappeared.

The law which prohibits the giving out of information concerning contraceptive methods is archaic and outrageous. We all know this knowledge can be obtained by the favored few for a price from physicians; we all know the cultured and the rich are more or less acquainted therewith; but when some one undertakes to give this information to the poor and the uninformed, to those who need it most, then he or she is seized under this law and arrested.

The arrests of Jessie Ashley and of Ida Rauh Eastman would be ridiculous were it not that it is a serious menace to the liberty of all of us to have a statute enforced in this discriminative and unequal fashion. Others have publicly and under the eyes of the police violated the same law and not been molested. If it were enforced equally and without distinction every proprietor of our large drug stores, numerous reputable physicians and numberless men and women who pass what information they have on the subject, one to the other, would have been arrested, but this has never occurred.

A statute which restricts the right of individuals to knowledge so essential to their well-being and happiness is tyrannical and, as has been said, "more honored in the breach than in the observance."

In the name of humanity we protest against the arrest of persons performing a social service in a self-sacrificing spirit and violative only of a stupid and, I believe, an unconstitutional statute.

ADELMA H. BURD,
Secretary National Birth Control League.
New York, Aug. 30, 1916.

Again the Live Coward.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The statement "I'd rather be a live coward than a dead hero" is one which could not by any possibility be made by a real coward. Such a person would veil his true sentiments. It is simply an unfortunate, self-deprecatory phrasing of a common-sense argument. It is better to live, be called a coward and work at all the industrial and social bulwarks of peace and strength than to give one's life to something which is in the long run useless and destructive, perpetuating itself by the very bitterness and violence it engenders. It is better to hesitate and weigh values than to plunge thoughtlessly into deeds which a thoughtless populace calls "heroic."

For the simple fact remains, after all the statements of the security leagues, that armament never has prevented war. It is pretty safe to assume that it never will. Therefore a man can do more for his country by striving intelligently to discover the means of war's prevention. They lie in the development of commerce and industry, the breaking down of economic barriers, and, above all, in education. These measures cannot be attained by joining national guards or sitting on the Texas border or exercising at Plattsburg. They can be attained only by living intelligently.

"It is better to be a live coward than a dead hero." HARRIET FOX WHICHER.

Amherst, Mass., Aug. 25, 1916.

The Desecrated Candidates.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your correspondent, "Spinster," in Tuesday's paper has my sympathy—only it is not the "desecration of the dolls" that troubles me, but the desecration of the candidacy for the greatest of offices; the lack of dignity, of propriety, of common political decency that is displayed. Are the children to be invited to choose a candidate? Shall we see Mr. Hughes—whiskers and all—hugged up to some baby bosom or toted around in a doll's perambulator? Theodore Roosevelt would look particularly charming and attractive thus, but as he is not a candidate perhaps he will be spared. We hope so. His fellow citizens prefer to regard him as a man—not a puppet.

If, however, the ladies who are getting up this almost unbelievable show decide that T. R. is a necessary figure in it (and, indeed, where would Hughes be without him?) will they not kindly substitute a Teddy bear?—the fiercer and uglier the better! "'Tis a mad world, my masters!" MATRON.

New York, Aug. 30, 1916.

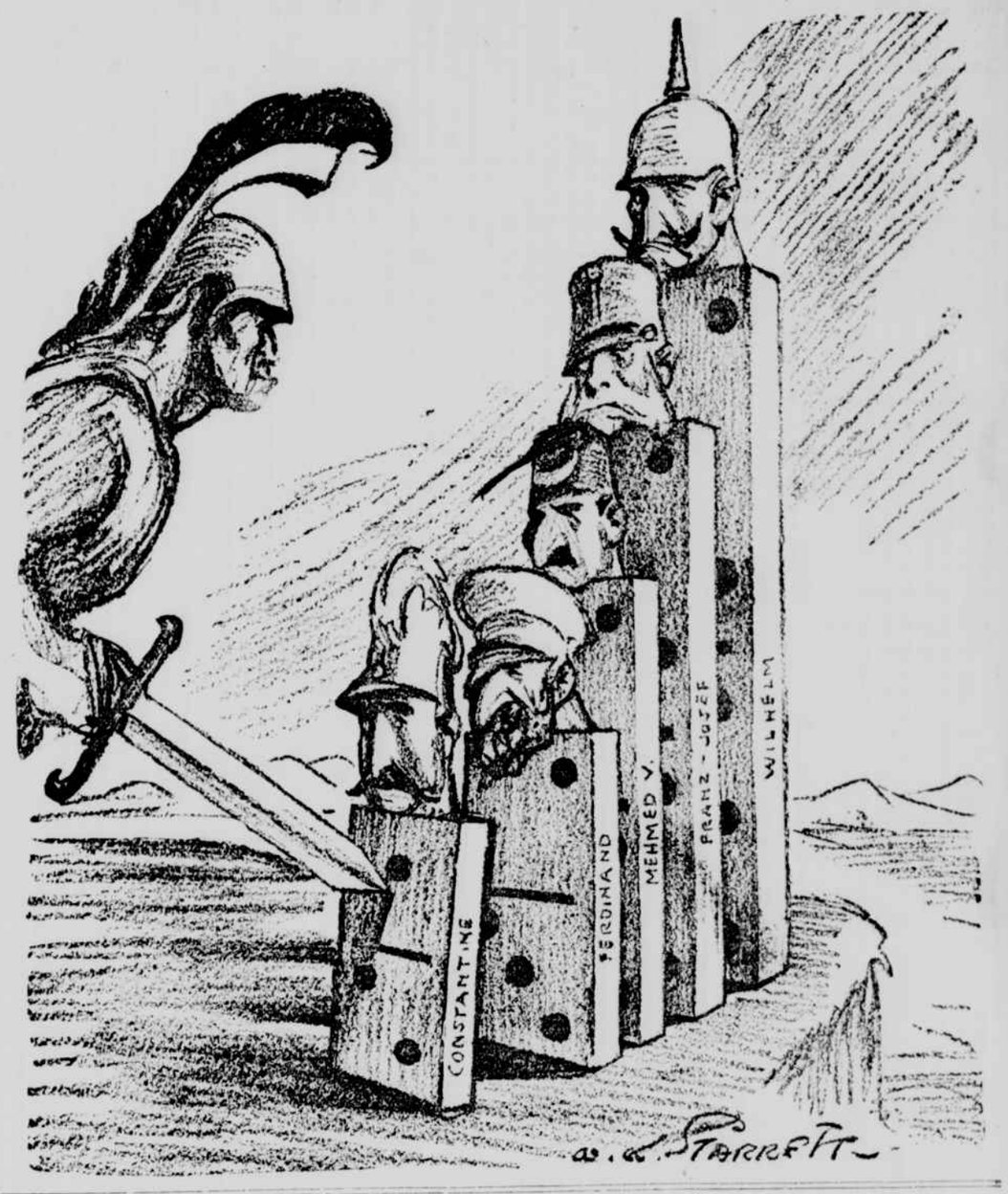
News by the Grace of the Big Four.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Apropos of the strike, what are we poor devils who live in the suburbs or the wilds of Jersey going to do for our newspapers? Personally, I confess that I can view with equanimity an enforced vacation of a week or two, but my mental pabulum is as precious to me as my physical. I'll trade a lunch or an afternoon tea every time for a certainty of receiving the lucubrations of Simonds, F. P. A. and Briggs in the morning and my usual "Sun," "Globe" and colored "Liar" in the evening, to say nothing of my dear and longtime friend "The Evening Post."

Seriously, however, shall we be able to get our papers? J. A. L.

New York, Aug. 31, 1916.



"NO PANIC LEGISLATION"

Views of Tribune Readers Who Insist That Congress Should Not Yield to the Group of Unionists Who Have the Rest of the Country by the Throat—President Wilson's Course in the Strike Crisis Severely Condemned—The Tactics of Highwaymen Pursued with Presidential Approval.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The editorial in your edition of Wednesday, August 30, called "No Panic Legislation," is excellent reading.

If, in the spirit of the President's declaration "that society favors restricting the employment of labor to eight hours," a law be passed providing that the men employed by the railways shall be permitted to work only eight hours, it follows that if they have been working ten hours 100,000 more men must be found qualified to perform the class of service now being rendered by the brotherhood men. If there be 100,000 such men at hand, and the railways are not prevented by force from employing them, then the strike will soon be over. If there be not 100,000 such men, then if the law be obeyed the country must submit to inconvenience, loss and danger until sufficient men can be trained.

If the law either does not insist on eight hours of labor or is not enforced, then Congress, under duress from the brotherhoods, will by law raise the pay of these 400,000 men 25 per cent.

If the brotherhoods believe that their demand is founded in reason and justice, what is the emergency that justifies such an injury to the community? The railroads have offered to submit the question to an impartial tribunal, its decision when made to take effect as of September 1. The brotherhoods have rejected this proposition. Is it not a fair inference that they rejected it because they believed that the exigencies of a Presidential election give a power to their organization through the fear of politicians that they may lose their combined vote and that they wish to use this power, irrespective of right or justice?

Remember that these men are already highly paid, so highly that if the entire annual income of the country were divided equally between all the inhabitants of the United States, rich and poor alike, it would be impossible to give each family the income now paid to the brotherhood men.

If the wages be increased the men can use their additional income to buy more consumable things and consume them, or they can save the additional amount and invest it. As the consumable things produced each year are consumed in that year, if a large class like the brotherhoods be given more, some one else must consume less, and the sufferers will be those whose fixed income cannot be expanded to meet the increased prices due to the increased demand. In other words, Congress will by law take from the poor and give to the rich, from those who now have only the necessities of life to those who are now able from their surplus income to keep up the expensive machinery of the brotherhoods and accumulate funds running to the tens of millions for use in carrying on strikes.

If they do not buy more consumable things, but save their surplus and invest in bonds and stocks, they become capitalists. Some of them already belong to the class that pays an income tax because they earn over $3,000 a year.

Now, what is there in this group of 400,000 men that makes action by them right which would be wrong if done by another group of 400,000 men with substantially the same consuming power? If they were a number of plumbers, or carpenters, or blacksmiths working for themselves, if they were merchants, manufacturers, railroad directors professional men, anything else except trades union men or farmers, the action that they have taken would make them criminals, and their leaders would unquestionably be indicted and punished.

Is it because they are so well organized that the politicians believe that they will vote together and that 400,000 votes are looked upon as of sufficient importance to justify the penalizing of the silent people who, not being organized, cannot guarantee that they will vote together? Is it not true that there are more people interested in the securities of the railroads than there are members of the brotherhoods? Why has not the time come for these people to organize to protect themselves? There must be a great many Democrats who own stocks or bonds in the railroads.

The cynical statement of the brotherhoods that they are passively opposed to any increase in freight charges because the railroads can pay them what they demand without getting an increase of income shows the selfishness of their attitude. If the railroads pay the increase demanded the stockholders will get nothing.

Is it not time that the stockholders should get together and take care of themselves? Generally they get together only when their road is ruined and passes into the hands of a receiver. Why is it not good policy to get together before that unhappy time comes?

The present railway managers know how to run the railroads, but they do not know how to influence the politicians. The preparedness parades drove an unwilling Congress into making provisions for an adequate navy. Is there not some way of getting a public demonstration of the will of the people on this railroad wage question?

ROBERT M. THOMPSON.

Southampton, Long Island, Aug. 30, 1916.

Highwayman's Tactics.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As I understand it, the demand of the railroad men is that their present wages shall be continued on the basis of an eight-hour day instead of a ten-hour day, any time on duty beyond eight hours to be figured as overtime and paid for as time and a half, i. e., each hour of overtime to be figured as an hour and a half. On the assumption that the men would still have to put in ten hours a day, this concession would mean an addition to the railroad payrolls of 37½ per cent, and, notwithstanding the magnitude of such an increase in wages, they have the colossal nerve to threaten the public with complete paralysis of transportation unless they get it. The regular highwayman has nothing on such tactics.

Apart altogether from the question as to whether or not the railroads can afford such a concession, giving way to the men's demands would certainly extend and accentuate to a dangerous point the most inefficient system of payment in existence. To what extent at present railroad wages are paid on this out of date time system I am not in a position to say, but that it is dangerous in principle there can be no doubt. Railroad men should be paid by the trip or 100 miles' run, in order to get the best work out of them. No matter how long they take to complete a trip or make a run, their wages should be the same, with the inevitable result that there would be no loafing or shirking work, schedule time would be the rule instead of the exception, and efficiency would gradually and surely tend to a high water mark. Any other system of wages based on a clock limit can never produce efficiency, but, on the contrary, places a distinct premium on carelessness and delays. And with overtime payable as time and a half, as now demanded, it is even conceivable that a crew working on any day basis might deliberately and purposely cause delays in transportation in order to prolong their working day and entitle them to the coveted overtime.

The demand for an eight-hour day is preposterous from every point of view, and coupled with the threat to call a strike in case the demands are not conceded within a certain time amounts to intimidation of employers and the public, for which offence there should undoubtedly be some legal remedy, not to mention a punishment to fit the crime. The unconditional withdrawal of the impudent threat should be insisted upon before any plan for arbitration is even discussed. ANDREW A. MURDOCH.

New York, Aug. 31, 1916.

Why Not Retaliate?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: If the unions intend to starve the country into accepting their demands, why should not the people retaliate, as far as it is possible to do so, by boycotting the strikers and their families? MEDICINE BALL.

Ridgefield, Conn., Aug. 30, 1916.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Will you permit an inconspicuous member of the dear public (who, in relation to railroad matters, proverbially may be damned) to express his ardent approval of your yesterday's editorial, "No Panic Legislation"? You unerringly place the chief blame where it belongs.

This latest performance is merely one more illustration of Dr. Woodrow Wilson's unexampled talent for scrambling and "balling up" every situation he takes a hand in and converting a plain straight road into a trackless labyrinth. His handling of our Mexican relations was a masterpiece on these lines, which at the time of his inauguration presented a plain and comparatively simple duty which called for prompt performance. This duty, as everybody now knows, was then neglected, and has never yet been performed, but in its place a multitude of needless complications have been introduced into the problem, the conception of which revealed a shining genius in the art of blundering. In a lesser degree only is the same true of the handling of every other international crisis which has arisen under the present Administration, and, so far as possible, domestic problems also.

The various humiliating submarine negotiations, the army preparedness fiasco, as well as many others, are familiar instances of the long and disheartening series. Each and all have failed in their apparent and professed objects. I use the adjectives advisedly; and this applies with equal effect to this latest railroad-labor scramble. Having signally failed in his avowed purpose of settling the dispute in the interests of the public, he now passes the buck to Congress, with the demand for a piece of strike legislation (in both senses of the term) making the eight-hour day compulsory. The effect which such an enactment would produce is obvious to any tyro. Dr. Wilson persistently maintains that the eight-hour day has the sanction of the public at large, but as he has more than once confessed that he does not know what the people want, the value of this opinion is somewhat dubious. A compulsory eight-hour day on ten-hour pay would be clearly in the interests of nobody but the brotherhood of 400,000 trainmen. The railroad companies, in order to pay this extra wage, would be forced to pay correspondingly lower dividends to their 3,000,000 stock and bond holders, or to charge higher rates against the 90,000,000 people of the United States, whose interests Dr. Woodrow Wilson was elected to serve.

The proposed legislation manifestly would not settle the pending question, but would, on the other hand, only introduce into it additional complications. It ought to be defeated. The demand for this legislation on the part of the President is therefore one or the other of two things, neither of which redounds to his credit. Either it is a confession of his own failure and inability to cope with the situation, which he might have done with comparative ease at the outset by just standing firmly for arbitration; or else it is a piece of political chicanery deliberately formulated in the interests of the labor organizations. I do not profess to know which.

GEORGE WESTERVELT.

New York, Aug. 31, 1916.

Presidential Muddling.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have read with satisfaction your articles on the railroad situation.

The President has constituted himself arbitrator, which, in my opinion, he never should have done. He should have said to the representatives of the railroads and the unions: "Gentlemen, I will not undertake to arbitrate your differences, but as the representative of the people of the United States I insist that you leave all matters in dispute to arbitrators, either of your own selection or of my appointment, if you so desire. Either party refusing to arbitrate will be responsible in the event of a strike and will have to reckon with the country." Can any one doubt what would have been the result?

By taking sides the meddler has muddled the whole situation. The worst feature of the whole business is that the President is now trying to force Congress to act at the dictation of a group of railroad employes.

RUSSELL S. CODMAN.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 31, 1916.